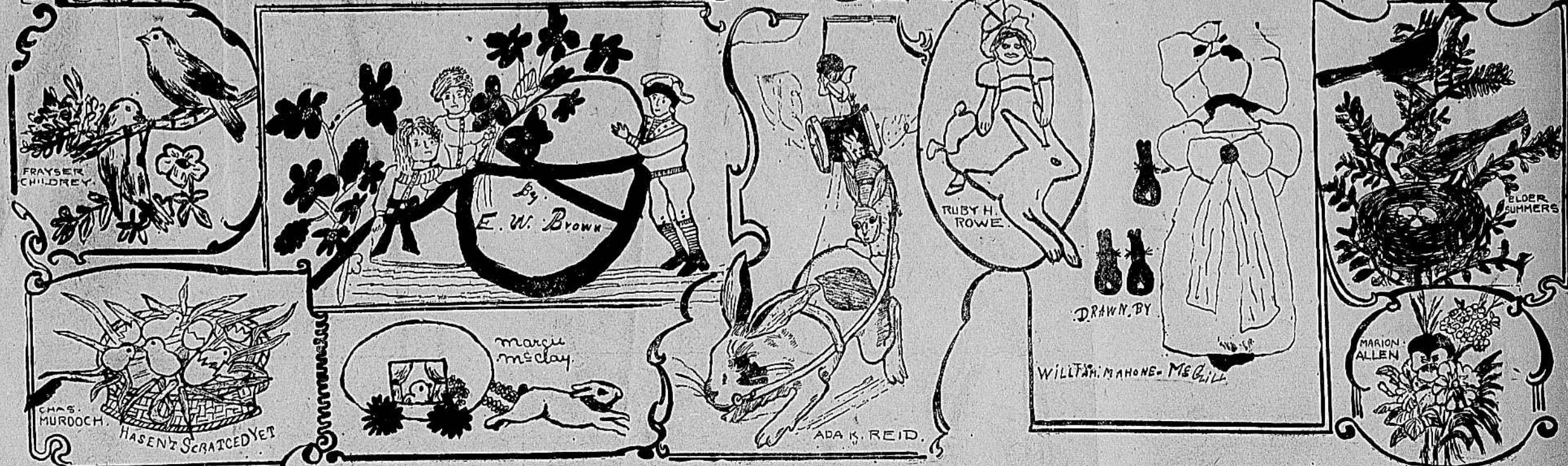


OUR CHILDRENS PAGE, MADE BY CHILDREN

SPECIAL EASTER FEATURES

BY OUR CLUB MEMBERS



The Easter Spirit In Our Page To-Day

Dear Children of the Club:

I am so glad that you have caught the spirit of Easter so beautifully. Celebrating as it does the most joyful event in the world's history, it is yet a time of reverent gladness, and we all feel a touch of awe when we think of what it really means. I think you understand just what I am trying to say. When you go to church this morning you will see flowers everywhere, and the gladness of spring and awakening life will be in you, but you will not feel like running and shouting as you do on other days, because there is something of a reverence in the very air; and you remember what day it is and why such crowds of people are on their way to church this day of all days.

We are going to have another special page. I wonder if you know why April 23d is of so much interest to all English-speaking people? I will tell you why. Because William Shakespeare, the very greatest of all poets, was born on that day. How much do you know about him? Do you know whose son he was and where he was born and reared? Do you know who he married and how many children he had? Have you ever read any of his plays? Can you tell why he is so much greater as a poet than any other English literary figure? Do you know who was the ruler of England during his life? Suppose you tell me the story of some of his plays.

It is quite remarkable that another man, who after his death became the patron saint of England, was also born on April 23d. This was St. George, whose cross forms a part of the English flag, and whose name is dear to every Englishman. Find out why he is so revered, and what special deeds made the people regard him as a saint. It will prove very delightful and interesting. I can tell you.

Now we are going to have this special "Shakespeare and St. George" contest on April 23d, just two days before their birthday. All contributions must be in by Friday, April 12th, and a special prize will be given for the best article on each subject. Do not confine yourself to the questions I have asked, but write of anything you can find out about these two very interesting characters.

Hoping that you will all enjoy the holiday-to-morrow to the very fullest, I am, Yours as always,

THE EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.
Miss Parke Morris, Farmville, Va., for poem entitled "An Easter Song."
Cornelius C. Chapin, Jr., No. 114 East Franklin Street, city, for story entitled "Spring."
Janie Fleming, No. 721 North Twenty-eighth Street, city, for drawing entitled "Easter Lilies."

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.
Agee, Olive M.
Allen, Marion
Allen, Robert T.
Alley, Robert
Anderson, Mabel
Alverson, Annie
Abraham, Dimpie
Boll, Robert
Brown, Edgar W.
Bockert, Henry
Bauer, Arthur E.
Bew, Audrey
Brown, L. L.
Bartenstein, Kitty
Bailley, Isabelle
Bowen, Edith
Bailley, Phyllis
Bailley, Margaret
Briggs, Helen
Bauer, Ethel
Barksdale, Fanny
Barksdale, Anna
Cassel, Anna M.
Carter, Lettie Lee
Carter, Otway
Callaway, C. C.
Chapin, C. C., Jr.
Carter, Fannie K.
Clarke, W. Burleigh
Childrey, Frayser
Cobbill, Nanie
Dowdett, J. W.
Dimmock, M. S.
Doak, Dora R.
Enos, Hyland
Finger, George
Goss, Edith G.
Glassell, Frances D.
Griffin, Geneva
Grey, Hortense B.
Hughes, Alda M.
Harris, D. Cecil
Hart, S. James
Harvey, Cleo
Hardaway, Fannie
Hughes, Sarah

Jackson, Virginia
Johnston, Joseph
Jones, Annie W.
Jones, Ruth
Johnson, M. A.
Johnson, V. D.
Johnson, H. V.
James, Floyd
Jacobs, Mildred
Joyner, Helen

Vaughan, W. R.
West, J. A.
Willis, Katherine
Ward, Dorothy
White, Nannie R.
Wollard, Frank
Warren, Dallas
Williams, Colton
Zacharias, Richard

EASTER SONG.

(Prize Contribution.)
"Christ is risen!" the angels cry:
"Christ is risen!" the hills reply:
Every flower and bird doth sing,
"He is risen, our Heavenly King!"

The forests that in silence lie,
The birds that in the air are free,
The Christ is risen, the world is free,
For He hath bought our liberty!

He that hath toiled and suffered in
life,
He that had bled in worldly strife,
Is clothed in robes of purest light,
And awaits his ones there in His
world so bright.

Christ is risen, He our King,
Through ages still that song will ring.
His head not crowned with thorns, but
now
A glory crown rests on His brow.

Composed by
FARMVILLE, VA.

SPRING.

(Prize Story.)
Spring is here and summer is coming, I am sure of it, and very glad, because I hear the thunder. I love summer and spring partly because I want the vacation and partly because I love the open country where we go nearly every summer, but this summer we are not. We are going, I hope, to the Jamestown Celebration, or Exposition. But the country is what I love—perhaps because I was born in the country. Anyway, I love it, and would rather go there in the summer, or winter either, than to go to New York or Yellowstone Park, or any great city or place. I love to roam through the forests or fields and see the birds sing and the pretty flowers or by some pond see the water lilies and daisies. I do not delight to kill frogs and birds, except from necessity. I had rather hear them sing or croak and see them sitting without any fear of a gravel-shooter or rifle. I had rather have some one with me, and when I was up at Ashland this summer I used to go with my brother away out in the woods and see the green fields and streams and the smoke of a distant train. This is what I love—spring, summer and the country.

AN EASTER STORY.

(Prize Story.)
I think Easter is the happiest time of the year, except Christmas, for on that day Christ rose from the dead to save all men, and that should make every one happy and glad. Then we have such a good time exchanging gifts, and we all go to the park and have a good time hunting Easter eggs and playing games. We take our lunch and stay until dark, and come home very tired, but happy, and wish Easter came oftener.

DIMPLE ALVERSON,
616 Colquhoun Street, Danville, Va.

EASTER IN THE NORTH

(A True Story.)
You said in your letter on the T. D. C. C. Page that you children should tell you how Easter is celebrated in the North, and as I told you in that story I wrote a few weeks ago that I was from Michigan, I will tell you a few words about it.

On Easter morning they have exercises in all the churches, and we fix many beautiful colored eggs and give to our friends. "Easter Hunt" till I came here, though I think it is a very nice idea. I suppose one reason why they don't have it there is because the ground is generally covered with snow at Easter time. One thing that we are sure to do on Easter is to see who can eat the friends always ask us how many eggs we ate. I never could eat any more than five at one meal, because the eggs and put in the rabbit's nest (if they have them), and then Easter morning the little children run to the door to get the eggs, which they think will draw my story to a close, hoping this story will interest the people here, go there and see things themselves, for I know I enjoy coming here and seeing the ways of the people.

MINNIE A. JOHNSON,
23 Chapple Street, Petersburg, Va.

EASTER.

Easter, the day we all celebrate, is a day to commemorate the resurrection of Jesus and also the events of the Passover. This day is the same to us as the Passover formerly was to the Jews. It is a day when an old Jewish goddess called Eostre, which has been slightly changed to Easter. The rule to tell when Easter is to come each year depends upon the moon. It is always on the first Sunday which falls on or after the first full moon, which happens after the 21st day of March. Of course, according to the rule, it can never come at an earlier day than the 21st of March. All the rest of the month the feasts depend upon it.

Little rabbits, chickens and eggs play an important part in the celebration of Easter. The children are very much interested in all the things that are going on in all of them. It is a time of great joy because of the event which it commemorates.

Well, for fear of making my story too long, I will stop writing. I do hope that all the T. D. C. C. members will have a happy Easter.

SAUL LEE ROBERTSON,
Tally, Va.

EASTER.

Ira and Mary Granville lived in the country, and they had plenty of eggs to lay. On the Friday before Easter they had a lot of eggs for Easter. Saturday day and Mary went to Wytheville to the show, and they took some eggs to their cousins, who did not have any eggs to lay. When they got to the church on Easter Sunday they found it dressed with flowers. On Easter Monday they went to an egg hunt, and Ida took some of her eggs to hide. At the hunt Ida found thirty eggs and Mary thirty-one, but they gave them to some other children who did not find many.

S. J. MCGAVOCK,
Max Meadows, Va.



EASTER LILIES.
Prize Drawing, by Janie Fleming.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC.

We got up real early Easter Monday and cooked a lot of eggs and fixed up some of the things. We went to the river and we got there before we played games a little while. There was a large house "way up on a high hill, with nice green grass in the yard, and a nice river, and sometimes they would go into the river. We would try not to break any, because every one would break one would have to eat them.

There were not very many girls and boys along. After a while we heard some one in the bushes, and after some time a small rowboat came in sight. They came and landed and told us there was another picnic farther up the river. They wanted to take us up there, but we were having a real good time, so we stayed where we were and played until about 7 o'clock when we went home and got there about 8 o'clock.

A true story.
RUTH JONES,
Morrisville, Va.

THE EASTER RABBIT.

There is a curious legend told by the Germans. We call it the Easter Christ. They tell us of a very nice little rabbit who was walking along the road and came upon a hen's nest, which was full of eggs. The mother hen had been seized by a wicked fox, and could not get back to her darlings' nest. So this kind rabbit kept them warm and when he awoke the next morning it was Easter, and the nest was full of downy, yellow chickens.

The children thought the rabbit was their mamma, so they cried for food. He cared for them until they were old enough to find food for themselves. Ever since that time the German children have "Oste Hare's nest" for the same purpose that we have stockings Christmas.

SARAH HUTCHINSON,
114 Holbrook Avenue,
Danville, Va.

EASTER.

Easter is very happy part of the year. We celebrate it because Christ arose at that time. He was crucified on Good Friday. Also little white rabbits come and lay eggs with all kinds of pictures on them. They have pictures of rabbits, turkeys, chickens, cats and dogs.

The children's mothers make them go in the house and she shuts the blinds and doors and pull the curtains down so we can't see them, and she goes out and rings a bell and the rabbits come from every little place. They lay eggs of all kinds, and then she comes in and calls us and all of us run to look for the eggs. I like to look for them.

VIRGINIA JACKSON,
Kewick, Va.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Answers.

To European capitals: 1. Paris; 2. Berlin; 3. Madrid; 4. London; 5. Dublin; 6. Copenhagen; 7. Vienna; 8. Athens; 9. Rome; 10. Bern; 11. Brussels; 12. The Hague.

MARGUERITE WATTS,
Auburn, N. C.

To jumbled boys' names: 1. Louie; 2. Lynwood; 3. Ruth; 4. Wellford; 5. Charlie; 6. Willie; 7. Archie; 8. Stuart; 9. Leland; 10. Wilson; 11. Jimmy; 12. Paul; 13. Ira; 14. John; 15. Tom.

GRAY SCHWEIKERT,
Auburn, N. C.

To hidden cities: 1. Lynchburg; 2. Danville; 3. Yorktown; 4. Norfolk; 5. Richmond; 6. Jamestown.

VIRGINIA INGRAM.

A Welcome Day—A Charade.

My first is in the earwig that crawls upon the wall.
My second belongs to the ant, the smallest of them all.
My third is part of the snake, be it black or green.
My fourth is on the terrapin, the slowest ever seen.
My fifth belongs to the eel, be it cooked or raw, the beginning of all the rats that you ever saw.
My whole is near at hand, a holiday for every child.
So guess if you can and greet it with a smile.

ANNIE W. JONES,
Box 44, Scottsville, Va.

City Charade.

My first is in bill, but not in till.
My second is in ball, but not in toll.
My third is in lamp, but not in damp.
My fourth is in tough, but not in rough.
My fifth is in rill, but not in hill.
My sixth is in more, but not in sore.
My seventh is in core, also in por.
My eighth is in rat, but not in cat.
My ninth is in mot, also in set.
The whole is a city.

MABEL ANDERSON,
618 Harrison Street, Richmond, Va.

Charade.

My first is in Jimmie and not in Timmie.
My second is in Mae and not in Rae.
My third is in Mary and not in Cary.
My fourth is in Lillie and also in Kittie.
My fifth is in Sallie but not in Hallie.
My sixth is in Theresa and not in Alessie.
My seventh is in Pollie and also in Mollie.
My eighth is in Willie and not in Billie.
My ninth is in Nannie and not in Fannie.
My whole is a very famous old town.

KITTY BARTENSTEIN,
Warrenton, Va.

Jumbled Cities.

1. Aisburth.
2. Bietra.
3. Nooklybr.
4. Dorfarth.
5. Lilese.
6. Xanthp.
7. Noelpel.
8. Eriper.
9. Hiearfoch.
10. Cateitling.
11. Catacill.
12. Deansy.

RUTH L. HUTCHINSON.

CATHERINE'S EASTER PARTY.

Catherine Aragon was going to have a party. The guests were to come at 4 o'clock, and it was almost time to get dressed. Her mother had hidden several dozen prettily colored Easter eggs on the lawn, for which they were to hunt. Presently the guests arrived, the girls all dressed in white. After the egg hunt they played games until they were called into another room, where there was a large box, in the shape of an egg, with red and white ribbons hanging from the sides.

Each girl and boy were to take hold of a streamer and pull. On the ends of the white streamers there was a little velvet bag, with their names printed on them in gilt letters. They had little ice cream rabbits, cake, candy, nuts and fruit. After the children played more games, when the children went home they said they had never had a better time in their lives.

NANNIE R. WHITE,
Warrenton, Va.

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NANNIE R. WHITE,
Warrenton, Va.

EASTER.

Easter is the festival of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. It was first celebrated by the Saxons of old, who were wont to celebrate about the same season at which the Christian Easter occurs. Then the celebration lasted eight days, but was limited to three and afterwards to two. It was the favorite time for performing the rite of baptism. Slaves also received their freedom at this time. During the week, from Palm Sunday to the beginning of the Easter festival, daily services were held.

On Easter Day the people saluted each other with the words, "He is risen; the reply to which was, 'He is indeed risen.'"

The chief solemnity was the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The proper time for the celebration of Easter is determined by the moon.

WILLIAM R. VAUGHAN,
South Boston, Va.

EASTER.

Easter Day is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which comes upon or after the 21st day of March. Easter is celebrated for the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. Easter takes its name from Eostre, a Saxon goddess, whose festival was kept about the same time as Easter. In the old times people used to greet each other with the words, "He has risen." The custom of exchanging eggs as a symbol or sign of resurrection or renewed life is very old. In some countries the children are taught that the bunnies and hares lay colored eggs in the grass for them to find.

I hope you will print this and that I will get the prize.

RYLAND ENOS,
1427 North Twenty-second Street,
Richmond, Va.
(Aged, eight years.)

THE FIRST EASTER RABBIT

Many years ago on Easter morning every one went to the church before and after services, instead of going home they would go to the woods for a good time.

Here they would gather flowers, and before long, shouts from the children would be heard. "See the eggs I've found. I've found a pink one." "I've found a green one." "Here's a nestful."

The children were hunting a large white rabbit jumped from behind a tree and the children exclaimed: "It must have been a rabbit that laid the eggs." Hurrah for the Easter rabbit! every one shouted and cheered, and people believe the rabbit brings the bright-colored Easter eggs.

DALLAS WARREN,
Carson, Va.

MARY'S PICNIC.

Once there was a little girl by the name of Mary, and her mother and father were poor. Mary had never been to a picnic. One day the children next door asked her mother to let Mary go on an Easter picnic with them, and she was delighted to let them. Her mother gave her a nice lunch. The children came for her Easter Monday morning and she was ready. They went in a wagon. They jumped rope and played ball, and had a good time. The children got hungry and came for their lunch. After the lunch the children went to pick flowers, and the big girls went and hid the eggs and the children came to look for them. It was getting late and they came home. Mary told her mother what a good time she had.

MILDRED JACOBS,
303 East Clay Street, City.

THE EASTER RABBIT.

There is a curious legend told by the Germans. We call it the Easter Christ. They tell us of a very nice little rabbit who was walking along the road and came upon a hen's nest, which was full of eggs. The mother hen had been seized by a wicked fox, and could not get back to her darlings' nest. So this kind rabbit kept them warm and when he awoke the next morning it was Easter, and the nest was full of downy, yellow chickens.

The children thought the rabbit was their mamma, so they cried for food. He cared for them until they were old enough to find food for themselves. Ever since that time the German children have "Oste Hare's nest" for the same purpose that we have stockings Christmas.

SARAH HUTCHINSON,
114 Holbrook Avenue,
Danville, Va.

EASTER.

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The children's mothers make them go in the house and she shuts the blinds and doors and pull the curtains down so we can't see them, and she goes out and rings a bell and the rabbits come from every little place. They lay eggs of all kinds, and then she comes in and calls us and all of us run to look for the eggs. I like to look for them.

VIRGINIA JACKSON,
Kewick, Va.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS

Dear Editor.—I am a little boy, just starting to school. I send you a rabbit. Please send me a story. I like to draw. Draw with my left hand.

PAUL PUGH,
Afton, Va.

Dear Editor.—I am a new member of your club. I enclose a picture called "The Messenger Boy." I like all the boys, and I've my own idea. Your friend,
CHATHAM, VA. KATHLEEN WILLIAMS.

Dear Editor.—I am not a member of your T. D. C. C. but would like very much to be one. I read the copy and like it very much. I am sending you a drawing entitled "Our Pet."

MAY STRAILMAN,
Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—I received the nice badge this morning, and appreciate it very much. I send you a story, which I hope will escape the waste basket, and letter also. Please send me a basket. DORA R. DOAK,
Rural Retreat, Va.

P. S.—I am thirteen years old and write with my left hand.

Dear Editor.—I herewith hand you a drawing, which I beg may be accepted. I am only a small boy, but I have been drawing some time. I hope with your kindness and instructions to become what I am sure you desire. I am yours as always,
LUNSFORD L. LEWIS BROWN,
508 N. Ninth Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor.—I have been reading the Times-Dispatch every Sunday, and I have been very much interested in the children's page. I wrote you a story, which I hope will escape the waste basket. Please send me a badge. Your new member,
REBECCA SONNENBERG,
402 E. Marshall Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor.—As I haven't sent anything to the T. D. C. C. yet, I made up my mind and hope it will be published. I have been going to school, and I hope to be a teacher. I will try to write more regularly. Your friend,
ARRINGTON CALLAHAN,
Norwood, Va.

Dear Editor.—I was very much pleased to see the little story sent you on Sunday. I am a member of the T. D. C. C. and I hope to see this story published. I hope that means I will become a member of your club. As I enjoy reading the children's page so much, please send me a badge. Hoping to be your member,
AUBREY BEW,
No. 201 Denny Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor.—I have drawn for the T. D. C. C. before. I drew an "Uncle Sam" and as you have gotten me a name wrong I want to draw a new one. I have drawn a new one, and I hope you will please send me another. I hope this time my drawing will please you, and you will put it in the paper this time. Yours truly,
ARTHUR E. BAUER,
No. 201 Denny Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor.—I am a girl thirteen years old. I have never written to you before, but I am going to write now. Please send me a badge, and I will be a member of the T. D. C. C. I like to read the children's page very much. Please let me see your letter in the paper. Your friend,
NICKELBOROUGH,
222 N. Twentieth Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor.—I send you in this letter a drawing, which I have sent for our page, and hope that it may have a chance to be published. I expect you will have a lovely page for Easter. My last drawing was not printed, but anyhow I shall try, and that is the best thing to do. Hoping success in the T. D. C. C. with love from your affectionate member,
ANNE R. BARKSDALE,
222 N. Twentieth Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor.—I thought I would write a little sketch of Andrew Jackson's life, and have not written for a long time, and you have not forgotten me. I am in school now, studying of course. I thought of a great man that was born this month. I thought I would write a little sketch of one. Excuse my short letter, but I have much time to write. Hoping all the members are well. Your old member,
ABINGDON, VA. ELDER SUMMER.

Dear Editor.—Enclosed you will find a story, "Mildred's Queer Dream," which I hope will escape the waste basket. I am going to school, and I hope to be a teacher. I think the T. D. C. C. proves every Sunday. I hope to see a story in the paper next week. Wishing club much success. I expect you will have a lovely page for Easter. Yours truly,
HELEN BRIDGE,
East Church Street, Waynesville, N. C.

Dear Editor.—I was so glad to see my letter in your paper. It made me feel very proud. I would write a story, but "Dearest" says I must go. A badge first, a drawing, I hope they will not reach waste basket. I wrote a story about a cat, but I did not see it published. I am going to try again. You must excuse me for writing so badly for my thumb sore. I have a little dog; his name is Joe. When I tell him to drive the hens on the garden he will try to catch them. He is almost here. With best wishes to club members,
YORKTOWN, VA. GENEVA GRUBB.

Dear Editor.—I have not written to you for a long time, but am going to write for a badge. I have lost mine. I am going to send two stories for the paper. I hope they will not reach waste basket. I wrote a story about a cat, but I did not see it published. I am going to try again. You must excuse me for writing so badly for my thumb sore. I have a little dog; his name is Joe. When I tell him to drive the hens on the garden he will try to catch them. He is almost here. With best wishes to club members,
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